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VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1609.

Choice Poetry.

THE MOTHER TONGUE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH, BY MARY HOWITT.

The mother's name is a Heavenly sound,
As far as its blue sky bendeth;
The mother's voice owns gladness round
Where its gleam smiles ascendeth.
Sweet is pleasure and sweet is woe,
Sweet in life and in death also,
And sweet in recollection.

Our mother's voice was the tender song
That mated by beyond all other!
And sweetly soundeth the mother-tongue
Where the first tears kissed off. Mother!

Our mother tongue is that in which
Our young souls first found expression;
And the lover knows no other speech
To pour out his heart's full passion.

'Twas spoken by all those kings of old,
Hoisted where our homage gathers,
And by those warriors true and bold
Who were proudly call our fathers.

Our mother-tongue, in the people's mouth,
With words of power is lovely:
It's loved in the North and in the South,
And its voice the grass wood giveth.

Our mother-tongue, like a flowery stream,
Hath high and low it embraced;
Through it the sons of our fathers breathe,
And the true heart feel it kindeth.

Our hearts speak only our mother-tongue,
They're by it fettered together;
'Tis it alone, whether written or sung,
Which from slave can rouse a nation.

Our mother-tongue, by the sea-shore wild,
And in deep woods, Summer hollow,
Have sweetly sounded, from man to child,
Hot sweetest from the lips of a mother.
Sweet in pleasure and sweet in woe,
Sweet in life and in death also,
And sweet in recollection.

Original Novelet.

VIOLA;
OR,
ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
AUTHOR OF "MYRTLE FOREST PEARL," "FORESTER, OR, THE MOUNTAIN BRIGANDS," "FEMALE SPY," "ROSALIE DE PORT," &c. &c. &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ATTACK.

Instantly all was confusion. I heard Viola scream, Long-Arm curse, and voices all around me, many of them strange to my ears. I knew we were attacked by ruffians, and that our only chance of escape lay in immediate and desperate action. Quick as thought I drew my revolver, and bending over my horse's neck, I dashed forward till I felt it touch some object, and fired. A groan and an oath succeeded, a grasp upon my bridle-rein was relaxed, and I once more had my steed at my own command.

I now thought that Arlah for help in time of despair, and at the same moment a flash of lightning showed me the position of each party. Viola, in the grasp of two men, with masks on their faces, was in the act of being dragged from her horse. Tom, a little way behind, was dismounted, and had one of the assailants by the throat, while a tall ruffian, all unmasked, and by others, he would not come out second best. Hastley, mounted on his horse, had a pistol pointed at the breast of another mask, who seemed in the act of striking him with a long knife; and Di Alonzo, a little in advance of me, was contending with a couple of the assailants, with cool courage, and coolness all around me. I was standing, swift picture, which was only seen for a moment, and was succeeded by impenetrable darkness, by reports of pistols, by groans, shrieks, shouts, and horrid oaths, and by a crash of thunder that made the earth tremble under us.

My first care was for Viola—for she, poor girl! I felt, was needed assistance; and I was nearly leaping from my horse, I hastened to the spot where I had seen her—for now I could see nothing. I ran against some object, and pausing out my hand, felt it to be a man.

"Who are you?" he cried.

There words, perhaps, were his last; for I knew by the voice he was none of our party; and pushing my revolver against his breast, I fired. There was a deep groan, and I heard him fall. By the dim light of the discharge I caught a glimpse of Viola, now close to me, no longer struggling, and a tall, dark, another ruffian, who was doubtless endeavoring to drag her to one side of the road and hide the bushes. She called loudly on my name and Hastley's for assistance. I threw the body which held the revolver second her shoulder, and as the weapon came in contact with some other object, I again pulled the trigger.

There was a yell of pain, and the next moment I felt her relaxed, and reclining heavily against my breast. I thought it likely she had fainted, but could not tell. Another ruffian now lighted for an instant the scene of strife, and by it I saw Hastley still seated on his horse, pale and bloody, but looking wildly around him. He was only a few paces distant; and thinking Viola from the ground, I ran to him.

"Master!" I cried, "Master! are you hurt?"

"God be praised!" he ejaculated.—It is the voice of Harry. But Viola?"

"Here! here! quick! take her!—and ride!—ride! away! away!" and while speaking, I lifted the senseless form upon the horse, and into his arms.

"Viola! Viola! Heavens! she is not dead, Harry!"

"No, only fainted," I said as readon, for in truth I knew not that the ruffian was killed her. "Away! away! escape while you have an opportunity."

"And you?"

"Away!" I interrupted with a shout of despair; "mind me not! away!" and I struck the horse a heavy blow with my weapon.

The animal leaped forward, and was gone, for I could hear the sound of his hoofs growing distant in the darkness. All I have mentioned had been the work of a few moments; but the storm was now roaring and howling around us, and the wind was blowing in terrific gusts. I offered prayer for the safety of my friend and Viola, I turned to gauge my way to the assistance of Tom. I felt a rough grasp upon my shoulder, and a sharp pain in my right thigh, while a hoarse voice sounded in my ear:

"Take that, you villain! and that!" and I felt myself wounded in the arm, and the warm blood trickling down my leg.

I sprang backward, and my foot striking something in the road, I fell; and my opponent [illegible] upon me, was [illegible] ment. "By the hilt I lost my revolver; and as my adversary [illegible] stinging stab was again, I conjectured he had also dropped his knife. This gave me a gleam of hope; and grasping him by the throat, I exerted all my remaining strength to turn him, and get him under. But I labored in vain; for he was a powerful man, and being already fairly upon me, he had by position much the advantage. I now betbought me of my own knife; and letting go my hold upon him, I endeavored to thrust my hand under my waistcoat and draw it forth; but the moment I released his throat, he clutched mine with both hands, and bearing down with all his weight, pinioned me till my eyes appeared to be starting from their sockets. I now felt myself to be in the agonies of death; and with my remaining strength, I gave forth, in a mental prayer, "God have mercy on my soul!" At the same moment, as if it were a supernatural instant, I thought I saw something like a flash, and heard something like a crash of thunder; but my senses were so confused and wandering, that I was certain of nothing save that I was in a dying state. I think that at this point of time I must have lost consciousness for a few moments; for the next thing I remember, my head was being raised from the wet clay, and I heard a familiar voice crying—

"Oh! thank God! thank God! I've got him! Hal, is you dead? Oh! oh! oh! my poor Massa Hal!"

"Is it you, Tom?" I said, faintly.

"Oh, bress God! you is alive, you is, tank God! my poor blind massa "He" cried the poor fellow, with a choking sob of grief and joy, and lifting me from the ground. "I was a-skeer'd, I be bress me nebbily tuts the wood, and cut me carefully down a hundred yards or so, and I nebber could give me against the beating storm, which I was now raging at its height.

For a few minutes I sat and pondered, while Tom, on his knees by my side, sobbed about the grief, for he never knew before the boundless love that I would die, and he knew his inability to do anything for me. At last my mind was at its confined and bewildered, that I could recall nothing distinctly, save that we had been attacked, and that there had been some kind of a skirmish—but all the particular incidents of that skirmish I had forgotten. Gradually, one by one, they came to me; and I remembered, with inner grief, how I had rescued Viola, and placed her in the arms of my friend, and how they had ridden away; and if every my life I had been a Christian, I now felt that they might be permitted to escape unharmed.

Then I thought of Viola, and the poor fellow uttered a crazed joy.

"Dat like jolly! Massa Hal," he said; "You no die dis time, I tink, bress Heaven!"

"No, my friend," I said, "I am not dead; but returning, and I must thank you for my life!"

And I grasped his honest hand, while he wept for joy, and I felt that I had a friend who had come out in the silver; and here happened it that you an lonely remained to you—an awful fate!

I can't tell much trut trute, case I don't much know how nut was," replied Tom. "Some nasst grab me, and I git from my bos and gub him a good lick right in his forehead, so de just Massa Hastley his me; and bang it go, and I tink I hab killed him. Den I look all around, but soon nothing, case um so dark. Bym-by I hear you, and den I tink I must help, case Massa Young—I mean, I gettin to go to you; and den I most nutting go, till bym-by um fighten stop, and I hear you call, and I run and find you and big white boy; den I hear you say you kill him, and I feel about for him, and find he head, and pull de little ting 'gin, and he no let go; and den I go you up, and you speak, and I take you home, and de all I know 'bout um, massa."

"I've saved my life, Tom, and I am not one to forget it," I rejoined. "But now what is to be done? Viola is gone, and we all know not whither!"

"I tink, massa, dat Injun-man can pos get 'bout yourself!"

"I will try, with your assistance, Tom."

I did try, but at first found myself too weak to succeed. I had been wounded in the arm and thigh and although the latter was severe, the blood was still flowing freely. I cut down again, and tearing off the skirt of my trousers, did as well as Tom, succeeded, with the aid of Tom, in putting a bandage around each, which in a few minutes stopped the flow of blood, and I was at least no loser lobbers I found myself able to walk, though I was sore and stiff from my fall.

The storm meantime had raged with unabated fury, and the rain fell in torrents, while the largest trees like withes—in some cases uprooting them, or twisting them from their trunks—while the air, in fact, was filled with lightning, that came like broad sheets of fire, that left a momentary blank, and a sense of burning; and the thunder crashed and roared with a deafening effect. At that the storm began to abate, and the rain fell more gently, and I could see Tom for a short distance around me. Then for support, I set off slowly for the village, now about a mile distant.

We entered the road some quarter of a mile from the place of skirmish, but found it in a wretched condition. The ground was low and level, and the soil a moist clay, which the late rain had converted into a substance more resembling paste than anything else I can liken it to; and to the feet and limbs it stuck like glue, and many places about knee deep, and eaten up with mud-holes, the reader can form some idea of the length those three miles appeared to me, in my weak, wounded, fatigued, and excited state.

We had progressed about half a mile, when the storm seemed to have reached its greatest fury—the flashes of the village. Not knowing whether they were friends or enemies, we stood under the shelter of the wood till they had passed, and then resumed our journey. So slowly did we travel, that it was a good hour after the storm had passed away, that we came in sight of the lights of the village. I had not spoken a word to Tom, but bearing a body of horsemen behind us. We drew aside, and they passed on, talking earnestly. It was too near the dawn of day to distinguish what was said.

Half an hour later, completely worn out, I dragged myself up to the door of a very genteel looking inn of the village, and knocked. I expected to be something unusual going on within; for the bar-room was crowded, several horses were standing about, and the street, which could see persons standing in groups, and all talking earnestly.

The moment we entered, all eyes were turned upon us, and some voice exclaimed:

"Why! there are now!" and then a genteel-looking young man, in a kind of military uniform, stepped forward, and said:

"Do I address Mr. Henry Walton?"

"That is my name, sir," I replied.

"Then you're the very man I want," he continued, in a hasty manner. "Be seated, I pray you, and inform the young gentleman who is with you that his friend has arrived."

"Harry!" cried I: "then he is safe?"

"Yes."

"And Viola?"

"If you mean the young lady with him, she is also safe."

"Thank God! thank God!" I ejaculated, sinking upon a chair, for I was nearly overcome with fatigue, loss of blood, and emotions of joy.

"They are now with another of your party," who has just been brought in, badly wounded,—

continued the young officer, for such he really was.

"Ah! St. Auburn?" I said.

"Yes, I think that is the name."

"Is he dangerously wounded?" I inquired, with a degree of interest the reader will readily understand.

"Mortally, it is thought," replied my informant, "is he, we shall soon know, for he is still living."

"Poor, poor party, perhaps, then, that met and passed me on the road?"

"Yes, sir," he said. A short time returned from the spot where you were assailed by the robbers. I now left myself to be in the agonies of death; and with my remaining strength, I gave forth, in a mental prayer, "God have mercy on my soul!" At the same moment, as if it were a supernatural instant, I thought I saw something like a flash, and heard something like a crash of thunder; but my senses were so confused and wandering, that I was certain of nothing save that I was in a dying state. I think that at this point of time I must have lost consciousness for a few moments; for the next thing I remember, my head was being raised from the wet clay, and I heard a familiar voice crying—

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"Why! there

Miscellaneous.

SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1858.

HENRI HERZ ON PHILADELPHIA.

Henri Herz, the pianist, in his "Reminiscences of Travel in America," speaks of Philadelphia, as follows:

The second week of my concerts with Sivori over, nothing could retain us in the American capital. And so by railway I departed for Philadelphia, which is, after New York, the city with whose social life and habits I had the opportunity most desire to become. Philadelphia contains spacious and elegant summer-rooms, and, if necessary, its residences seem more than sufficient. It is, moreover, a poetical city, for trees are planted in all the streets, and the environs as well as all its principal streets have been invested with pastoral and poetical names. In a word, the whole establishment bears, to a collection of the most appellations of geography, and the map-style of the Quakers.

Two steam facilities, to a great extent, the development of its industry and commerce—the Schuylkill and the Delaware are by a very short distance joined to each other. The first of these rivers, navigable for vessels of 300 tons, is of a wide and long, a perpetual movement of elegant shantics continues with the heavy mingling of commercial wagons. The capital which the men of business, and ladies visibly affixed, in the picture, or perhaps better in the Parisians of Philadelphia. Under the second English Charles, an Englishman of the sect of Quakers obtained the concession of the tide that bears which at that time was entirely covered with forests, and we know that Penn, after his death, left his name to it, and Sylvania became Pennsylvania; he founded Philadelphia, and connected it with his eastern appearance, and to this day, in a moral point of view, it is called the Quaker City.

The general physiognomy of this vast city, in the above all, presents a pleasing; its private edifices are not felt in the same degree as in New York or Boston. The Philadelphians in general partake of a taste for literature and the arts. It has governors a philosophical academy, a fine subscription library, a library containing 20,000 volumes, furnishing them with matter of serious and useful reading. It is by no means rare to see persons who, after having devoted themselves for years to the study of trade or speculation, and having realized sufficient wealth, totally abandon business and pass the rest in giving themselves up to the study of some of artists who occasionally visit them.

What literary Philadelphia, with a peculiar charm, is the beauty and chemical appearance of its female inhabitants. A few days after my arrival, I was invited to a ball at the house of a very rich personage, who had invited numbers of people, to allow me to become acquainted with the numerous acquaintances. On my entrance I was dazzled when I saw, in the midst of a large circle of beauty with which I was surrounded. Forms of the greatest elegance, and features of the most delicate beauty fell on the eye, and the small the imagination, create emotions in the heart, and captivate the mind. I was presented, or animated bowers, by whose intoxicating perfumes I was overcome. I had never imagined so much beauty in one spot.

THEIR AND EAST WAITS IN THE WEST INDIES.—N. P. Willis, in a letter from St. Thomas to the Home Journal, says:

"We have two mornings a day, in this climate—the second one, at 2, P. M., after the sleeps, just now beginning. I studied two hours indolences, at first, but have given in. From 6, A. M. to 2, P. M., is so long a day—so completely are we cut off from business, in an atmosphere so steeped in sunshine, that we are thrown closer in the twenty-four hours. Coffee and bread and butter are brought to me's bed a little before seven, and at 10 A. M. I am not more than is peculiarly such a dinner on the hotel table as we served it. The same number of plates of cheese in every man's plate, and meats, fruits and coffee, in regular succession. All the boarders assemble at that hour, and most people breakfast it is quite as long, conversational and hearty as dinner 24.

"I wish I could give you an idea of the outside of our house and the very character of it. It is a French hotel of the West Indies. It has no two public apartments, a vast billiard-room and a vast dining-room, with a long corridor on both sides of the second story, but the other third is a made-up room. The dining-room is the hall, and this just serves the purpose of ladies' drawing-room, gentlemen's parlor, smoking room and bar. Here, in the morning, every one may is one group, while sleepy cobblers are mending their shoes, and negroes are sweeping the floors, and signs in all directions. The stairs is between this public hall and the office, at the top, and the profession for the former is manifest. It has to be all the way up to the hospital silence that nobody can intrude. Private rooms are on the second story, and the accommodating to and fro in the dining-room, with their bells and boots, and the noise of the passengers, as if wholly invisible themselves. It is impossible to be more out of the world and out of the different groups of young men on the veranda. With no matter nor glass to the window, there is the most delicious air, with the most delicious of invisible sent in on her pillow, blessing to the overheated body, and the feeling of lee is glasses, the laughter and jokes of the drinkers, and, instead of the noise of the street and vociferation of the negroes—a sense of joy, confidential and omnipresent. The man who waits on me comes in to open the jalousies after I had been two or three hours asleep, and wake me to say that breakfast is almost ready. The black laundresses talk French to me, as I sit writing at my window, opening on their court-yard. Everything in this climate is made so easy to you if you look at him. Your neighbors at table are never strange to you. You are welcome to anybody. The equator seems to be not only an astronomical, but a moral and social equinoctial.

PERILS OF AUTHORSHIP.—Our Authors' have been for the last two or three years building the imminent deadfall of ruin on the public's encouraging rain. Recently, besides buying a Sea-shore house, he has built a villa in this country-seat at Newport. Headley has built a splendid mansion at Newburgh. Melville has bought a farm at Pittsfield. Bayard Taylor, the Pantheon, has splendid seats on the Hudson. Prescott has recently built a house in Boston at a cost than $40,000 for his books. Morse has been paid more than $30,000 from the sale of his books. Alboni has received $50,000 for her Concertatrices over $20,000. Professor Anthon has made over $100,000 from his books; and Webster—the Abbotts over $15,000, &c., &c., &c. It Morrel has not received as much as Webster, on his books, although it is only a few years since he began to write. Headley's profits must have amounted to over $100,000. Professor Davies has received more than $50,000 as the proceeds of the sale of his books. Professor Beecher Stowe, with of Professor Stowe, of Hartford, Conn., has received $50,000 for Uncle Tom's Cabin," has received $4,000 as her share of the sales already made of that work. She received $1,000 for the first copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin" that was sold. Bayard Taylor says he has been offered $10,000 for a copyright of his travels.

English authors drew still larger profits from the sale of their books. Macaulay will clear at least $50,000 from his History. Dickens will make more than half as much from a single novel. And Gibbon, the author of the Decline and Fall, from five to ten thousand dollars on each of the many books that he wrote. The fact is, that at times generally, who deserve success, meet with an abundant reward for their labor. Those who fail, on the other hand, are apt to think that all their books are not such as the public want. There are exceptions to this rule, but they are few in every branch of business; but as a rule, this is true.

DO TOP BEHIND IT!—A writer in the Boston Transcript tells of an assembly, named Jabez Jacob, in Lyons, France, who went to the theatre with the intention of killing somebody, if he didn't care who. On seeing himself, he found himself between two pretty ladies, and it was a long time a question in his mind which of the two he should choose. After a long deliberation he decided on the younger and prettier, as he supposed, "I scarer and more fit for Heaven," and he had no sooner done so than he killed her. The neglected beauty on learning the reason of his action, very profoundly replied that at the slight, that she piped for a week, refusing all nourishment and consolation, and finally ended by dying from the effects of her grief, caused by the most heart-rending and melancholy suicide.

A TERROR TO MILK DEALERS.—A Londoner has invented an ingenious little instrument for testing the purity of milk, which he said to be simple, portable, cheap and certain. The tester has only to be dipped into the milk, and its exact richness or poverty is ascertained by the rise or fall of the "coin." It is believed that if the tester comes into general use, the quality of London milk will undergo a decided improvement, as any one will be able at once to detect as undue admixture of chalk and water. If the milk tester is what it is said to be, we shall soon hear of its application on this side of the water, and our milk-men should take warning in time.

OUR OPINION.

We take the following from the New England Farmer:—

FRUITS OF EARLY RISING.—The preface to the last volumes of the Rev. Dr. Barnes' "Notes," which has just appeared, mentions a fact which is worthy of being remembered by those who are accustomed to excuse themselves from the performance of duty by the late world with the "want of time." Dr. Barnes has published a commentary on the Bible, which has had the effect of bringing him a large income. He had the charge of a large congregation in Philadelphia; but he has not suffered his ministerial labors to infringe upon the duties of the pastoral office. He has published his "Notes" at the rate of about all been written before nine o'clock in the morning, and the fruits of the habit of rising between four and five o'clock." From the first, he has risen early in the morning, and made it a principle at six o'clock; and now in the decline of life he attributes the health, the vigor, the satisfaction of knowing that he has been performing his duty, and the ability to write his volumes of commentary on the New Testament, and that probably a portion of his life has been prolonged thereby. All this has been accomplished in addition to the duties of a pastor, and to the duties of his office, and to the duties of his family, and to the duties of his office, and to the duties of his family, and to the duties of his office, and to the duties of his family

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1865.

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STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILA.,
WHERE Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

After the novelet now in process of publication,

VIOLA: OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

we shall commence Mr. T. B. Arthur's original novelet—unfortunately for the Post—called

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After these are gone through, we shall be mistaken if subscribers are not eager to wait for a new work by Mrs. Southworth, entitled

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;

A TALE OF SOCIAL LIFE AND MYSTERY.

What will come in the way of fiction after the above, we have not yet determined. We think the novelet has attained a sufficiently high position to warrant a continuance of the present style of fare for the present.

In addition to these works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the contributions that appear in the Saturday Evening Post, together with the Choice of New Books, Domestic Intelligence, Humorous Items, &c., &c.—facilitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first-class paper, and of our great circulation.

And in return for our efforts for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, may we not expect a continuance of the good will and cordial friendly interest heretofore shown in our behalf, and expressed not only by words, but in efforts to extend the circulation of the Post. Our terms are very moderate—as moderate in fact as a first-class paper can be maintained at all. We might, we grant, take our inside matter at second-class postage rates, from some daily paper; or procure our stories for nothing, from unknown, namby-pamby writers with sensational notions instead of nothing and sense, such as Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Lee Hentz, Mr. Bennett, &c., &c., but we are thankful we are not compelled to pursue such a course of action. Our plan is to pay liberally, and make a first class paper, and we feel that the public understand that a poor paper is not worth the wheat it is printed upon, and is therefore dear at any price.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 18th, the Senate met, agreed to adjourn over to Wednesday, in order to attend the funeral of the widow of Bishop Simpson.

Mr. Underwood introduced a bill, changing the time of holding the Circuit Court in Kentucky, and also a salary bill for judges, reducing the salary of the circuit judge for Kentucky, reckoned on Air Line principles, and the district judge for Kentucky, which bill is laid still from the 4th of March next.

Mr. Sumner presented the memorial of the American Medical Society, recently in session at Richmond, Va., asking that the Surgeon General be directed to furnish surgeons, for want of medical attendants as required by law.

Mr. Conner offered a resolution, which was agreed to, calling upon the Secretary of the Navy to furnish the Senate with the Surgeon's Certificate, giving the result of experiments lately made by him, to test the quality of the iron employed in the manufacture of the Navy Screw Steamer Ossipee, and also the report of the Board on the right of way and a portion of the public lands, to and in the vicinity of the Navy Yard at Mare Island, to the Blue-ear River.

Mr. Sumner resumed the consideration of the Declaration of Independence resolution recently before the Senate, when the Senate took up the Declaration of Independence, and proceeded to consider the amendments. Without taking a vote, the Senate adjourned.

On the 19th, Mr. Howard, Mr. Sumner and Mr. Wilson presented memorials from colored persons praying the Government to secure to them the elective franchise, et as especial importance.

Mr. Morgan, from the Committee on the Judiciary, asked and was discharged from the consideration of a bill to amend the act of 1862, in relation to the duties of the counsel and solicitor of the Court of Claims, and also from other committees from coming to this country.

Mr. Sumner, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported back the bill to authorize the President to appoint a Minister to Hayti, with the recommendation that it be indefinitely postponed.

Mr. Clingman, as a member of the Committee on the Library, reported back the bill to provide for the appointment and instruction of our readers, may we not expect a continuance of the good will and cordial friendly interest heretofore shown in our behalf, and expressed not only by words, but in efforts to extend the circulation of the Post. Our terms are very moderate—as moderate in fact as a first-class paper can be maintained at all. We might, we grant, take our inside matter at second-class postage rates, from some daily paper; or procure our stories for nothing, from unknown, namby-pamby writers with sensational notions instead of nothing and sense, such as Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Lee Hentz, Mr. Bennett, &c., &c., but we are thankful we are not compelled to pursue such a course of action. Our plan is to pay liberally, and make a first class paper, and we feel that the public understand that a poor paper is not worth the wheat it is printed upon, and is therefore dear at any price.

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Mr. Clingman, as a member of the Committee on the Library, reported back the bill to provide for the appointment and instruction of readers, in the Government Printing Office, with the recommendation of its passage.

Mr. Sherman, from the Committee on Finance, reported back the bill authorizing the issue of duplicate certificates of stock, bonds, &c., in lieu of those lost, mutilated or destroyed, with the recommendation that it be indefinitely postponed.

Mr. Sumner opposed the amendment, denying that the Declaration of Independence was applicable to the Territory, and he asked gentlemen whether they would vote to admit Utah as a State, with the right to control or establish the laws, ordinances and customs of polygamy.

Mr. Johnson said they were obliged to leave, being in danger of assassination.

Mr. Sumner continued, when the amendment and said that the Declaration of Independence was applicable to protect the reformed officers by denying them their rights. He quoted from Webster's speech in reply to Young, because he is the head of the Mormon Church, and he (Sumner) would not allow the Senate to be the Mormon Judges here from separated, and will the Senate vote to admit Utah as a State, with polygamy as one of its institutions? He would vote no. Mormonism was a system of barbarism.

Mr. Sibley opposed the amendment, as it was intended to apply to Utah, and he would not vote to put Territories against the will passed by the continued Government of the country.

Mr. Nesmith replied to Mr. Sibley, and said that the Territory of Oregon at the time of the Utah Legislature passed the law, prohibiting polygamy, and he would say the enemy, to have his head taken from his body than to surrender his rights to polygamy. He said the fathers of the country should be taken out of the hands of the Mormons, and the Senate should not allow the Mormons to be the judges here.

Mr. Pale said that, by the Act which established the Territory of Nebraska, the Territorial Legislature enacted Brigham Young Governor. Was he a man who could be recognized in respectable society? Was he a man who could be recognized in respectable society? Was he a man who could be recognized in respectable society?

Selected Poetry.

THE BAPTISM.

BY AMANDA WESTON.

Lightly fell the holy water
On that open, sunless brow,
As above our infant daughter
Fell hearts broken's solemn vow!
Pure gave our love, and deeper,
As the holy gentle rite shed,
Praying the Life from whose deep love
Lowly, loving, undefiled

As the dewy drops lay glistening
'Mid her cloud, soft-brown hair,
Felt we that God was very listening
To our deep, though wordless prayer.
As our arms, more closely pressed,
Drew her nearer, nearer still,
Felt we with a silent blessing
All our higher natures thrill.

Can belief pray — can babe lay sleeping,
Pale as snowdrops under leaves?
And low, stilled sounds of mourning
Hushed with the voice of prayer.
Hence 's her tender bended heart were swelling;
Hurting her mother cold but pining
Lowe's low kisses and grief's upwelling
Trembled not God measures not.

Softly stained we her sweet laughter,
And her prattling voice grew low,
Him, for many long months after,
Was his weight of our home.
Yet although our eyes may weep,
Still the upward path they tread —
As the baptismal star
We had given her to God.
Milford, Connecticut, April, 1861.

True Wesleyan.

Selected Sketch.

A WORD ABOUT DOGS.

FROM ALLEN'S "RURAL ARCHITECTURE."

We always loved a dog; and it almost broke our little heart, when but a trudging schoolboy, to our first book-worm reverence, our father made us take back the young puppy that had hardly got its eyes open, which we had just brought home, to be kept until it was fit to be taken from its present nurse, and to run among the boys, John, Tom, and Harry; and intend to give them the benefit of our own experience in this line, as well as of the best words to the elder brethren,—and fathers, erre, —of the dog on the best means to the attainment of our instruction, on a subject so much beneath their studies!

We say that we love dogs: not *all* dogs, however. But we love some dogs,—of the right breeds. These last are probably no more civilized country so dog-ridden as this, both in

"Mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree."

Goldsmith, kind man that he was, must have been a mighty judge of dogs, his sense was so positive! gentlemen. Still, either men than poets are sometimes good judges, and great lovers of dogs; but the most perfect dog is not as well satisfied with one kind of dog as with another, so that he is a dog: and the puppy-man indulgs in their companionship, much to the annoyance of good neighborhood, good morals, and, indeed, of propriety, thrift, and common justice. Of all things we have nothing to say—here, at least. Ours is a "free-country" for dogs, if for nothing else. Nor shall we discourse the various qualities, or the different breeds of dogs for operating purposes. We never go on shooting; nor do we take a hunt—having no taste that way. Perhaps it should be more disciplined; but we are content as it is. Therefore we shall let the hounds, and pointers, and setters, the mongrels, and the land and the water spaniels, all alone. The mastiffs, and the bull dogs, too, we shall leave to those who like them. The poodle, and the little lap dog or ether fellow, shall stay down in town to the blandness of those who—we are sorry for them—by having petty taste to interest themselves in this small-eating terrier in the only one, amongst the shepherd dogs, the cur-dog, the cur-dog of these, chiefly, we shall speak.

There are varieties of the Terrier. Some are large, weighing forty or fifty pounds, rough-haired, and long-jacking. There is the Irish terrier, of less size, not a kindly, well-disposed creature to strangers; but irresistibly inclined, and unmistakable in its deportment, still to act as a watch-dog, and a determined enemy to all vermin, whether. Then, again, are the Scotch terriers, as they are named, weighing from a dozen to twenty pounds, with long, rough hair, very hairy a-brow, whitehaired muzzle; of prodigious strength for their size; wonderful instinct and sagacity; kind to their friends, but possessing valuable qualities, being a lack of beauty in appearance. They are of all colors, but are generally uniform in their color, whatever it be. Another kind, still, is the rough-haired terrier, of the same size as the last; a very pretty dog indeed; with a kinder disposition to mankind; yet equally destructive to all vermin, and watchful to the premises which they inhabit, or of whatever else they have the charge. The fidelity of the terrier to his master is wonderful; equal, if not superior to any other dog whatever. In courage and determination, in hardihood, and feats of daring, he has hardly an equal; and in general qualities, no other dog can compare with him.

Sir Walter Scott, who was a great friend to dogs, as well as a nice and critical judge of their qualities, and to tell this story:—When a young man, first entering on a profession, he, the dullest in station, a notorious burglar engaged Sir Walter's father to defend him on his trial for breaking in the neighborhood. The case was a hard one; the circumstances were against him, and no ingenuity of the defense could avoid the conviction of the culprit. The matter was settled beyond expectation; and before he left his employment, or transportation, the thief requested Sir Walter to come to him in jail. At meeting, the fellow freely told his counsel that he felt very grateful to him for his efforts in his defense; but that he had done the best he could; but the proof was too palpable against him. He said Sir Walter did all he could for him, and more but he had no money, and could only give him a piece of advice, which, perhaps, would be serviceable hereafter. Sir Walter heard him, no doubt, with some regret at losing his fee: but considering it was what he had to get, as he was a housekeeper, Mr. Scott. For security to poor-fees, and nothing but a common, half-bred, ugly and old, no matter; they are quite as hard to pick up as others. (Should be remembered that *Mother non-picklock* looks more than lucrative.) Then provide yourself with a small and strong terrier to keep your house at night. There is no safety in a mastiff, or bull-dog, or a large dog of any sort. They can always be kept quiet and quieted, and burglars understand them; but a terrier can neither be terrified nor cheated nor are we attempt to break in where one is known to be kept." Sir Walter heeded the advice, and in his housekeeping experience, afterward, confirmed the good qualities of the terrier, as related to him by the burglar, by recommended the conversation by the following not connected poetical epitaph:

"A terrier dog and a rusty key,
Was Walter Scott's first Jedburgh tee."

The terrier is perfect, therefore, to suggest sable instinct for, and hatred to all kinds of vermin. He takes to rats and mice as naturally as a cat. He will destroy and their breed out of the more. He will lie for hours by their places of passage, and watch them with the eagerness of a sportsman at a bird. He is as quick as lightning, in pouncing upon them, when in sight, and nearly missed when taken as springs. A single bite settles the matter; and where there are several rats together, a good terrier will destroy by dispatch half-a-dozen of them, before they can get more than from him. He will do more than half the work himself, before they could get some of their holes. In the grain field, with the harvesters, a terrier will soon destroy droves of field-mice in a day; or, in the hay field, he is equally serviceable. He will catch a chicken, a raccoon, or anything or their size—even a skunk, and they are often used for sporting purposes, with the same readiness that he will eat. The night is no bar to his vigils. He has the sight of a cat, in the dark. Moles, weasels, minks, are his enemies, as much as other vermin. He will follow a fox into his den, and will exhaustin him with driving, and overtaken him in open shooting. He is a hunter, too. He will run a squirrel, or a raccoon, as readily as the best of sporting dogs. He will catch and hold a pig, or anything not too large or heavy for him. He will lie down on your garment, and watch it for hours; or by anything else left in his charge. He will play with the children, and share their sports as cheerfully as a dumb creature can do, and nothing can be more affectionate, kind, and gentle among them. He is cleanly, honest, and seldom addicted to tricks of any kind.

We prefer the high-bred, smooth, English terrier, to any other variety. They are somewhat more gentle in temper, and very much handsomer in appearance, than the rough-haired kind; but perhaps no better in their useful qualities. We have kept them for years; we keep them now; and no reasonable inducement would tee us part with them. A year or two ago, having accidentally lost our farm terrier, and wishing remaining on the place but our shepherd dog, the inhabitants soon swarmed with rats. They were in, and about everything. Dieting the winter, the mice won tasted the barns, and cattle, at last, began to show signs of indisposition, before going to bed, would-kill, with their chins, three or four, in the barns and stables, every evening. But still the rats increased, and they became unendurable. They got into the grain-room, where their food was kept, and brought forth with a fecundity second only to the frogs of Egypt. They gnawing the grain granules. They dug into the dairy. They entered the meat barrels. They carried off the eggs from the hen-house. They were bold, depraved, the young ducks, and chickens.—They burrowed into the into the "breeding troughs" of the kitchen. Oh! the rats were intolerable. They were a curse to us. Among our innocences—they wouldn't touch it. Opportunity favored us, and we got two high-bred, smooth, English terriers, and in spite of all pressure, they will harbor wherever there is a thing to eat, and a possible place of covert for them to borrow.

To have the terrier in full perfection, it is important that the breeding be right. Some are known to mix up everything we get, in this country, and it is somewhat difficult to get anything of a society as it should be; but a little care will procure it. The terrier is probably no dearer than a petty trained, too, when young. That is, to mind what is said to him. His intelligence is of the highest order, and he will learn all but he should not be *fooled* with. His instincts are strong, and amazingly reasoning; and he also will prove all you need in a farm, and a watch-dog. We speak from long experience, and observation.

The shepherd dog is another model—almost unattainable—something, but full of sense in the form. To the flock-master, he saves a world of labor, in driving and protecting the flocks under them, or from one field, or place, to another. To the sheep-farmer, also, he is worth a man, at least; and in the management of a flock he is a host. He knows his business, and he does it. He is a born shepherd, and he will do it as well as he has been driving, and on a stock farm will save fifty times his cost and keeping, every year. He is also a companion, and a friend, and a dog that neither the hardest, nor sagacity of the farmer, in the land can excel. To keep him in health, for his own peculiar work, he should not be allowed to run with the boys, or to receive attention from his peculiar duties. We had a remarkably good dog of this kind, a few years ago, that was worth his weight in silver at all times, but. Once in a free-running time he was lost, if for nothing else. Nor shall we discourse the various qualities, or the different breeds of dogs for operating purposes. We never go on shooting; nor do we take a hunt—having no taste that way. Perhaps it should be more disciplined; but we are content as it is. Therefore we shall let the hounds, and pointers, and setters, the mongrels, and the land and the water spaniels, all alone. The mastiffs, and the bull dogs, too, we shall leave to those who like them. The poodle, and the little lap dog or other fellow, shall stay down in town to the blandness of those who—we are sorry for them—by having petty taste to interest themselves in this small-eating terrier in the only one, amongst the shepherd dogs, the cur-dog, the cur-dog of these, chiefly, we shall speak.

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"A terrier dog and a rusty key,
Was Walter Scott's first Jedburgh tee."

The terrier is perfect, therefore, to suggest sable instinct for, and hatred to all kinds of vermin. He takes to rats and mice as naturally as a cat. He will destroy and their breed out of the more. He will lie for hours by their places of passage, and watch them with the eagerness of a sportsman at a bird. He is as quick as lightning, in pouncing upon them, when in sight, and nearly missed when taken as springs. A single bite settles the matter; and where there are several rats together, a good terrier will destroy by dispatch half-a-dozen of them, before they can get more than from him. He will do more than half the work himself, before they could get some of their holes. In the grain field, with the harvesters, a terrier will soon destroy droves of field-mice in a day; or, in the hay field, he is equally serviceable. He will catch a chicken, a raccoon, or anything or their size—even a skunk, and they are often used for sporting purposes, with the same readiness that he will eat. The night is no bar to his vigils. He has the sight of a cat, in the dark. Moles, weasels, minks, are his enemies, as much as other vermin. He will follow a fox into his den, and will exhaustin him with driving, and overtaken him in open shooting. He is a hunter, too. He will run a squirrel, or a raccoon, as readily as the best of sporting dogs. He will catch and hold a pig, or anything not too large or heavy for him. He will lie down on your garment, and watch it for hours; or by anything else left in his charge. He will play with the children, and share their sports as cheerfully as a dumb creature can do, and nothing can be more affectionate, kind, and gentle among them. He is cleanly, honest, and seldom addicted to tricks of any kind.

ODD TEXTS.

A Boston paper relates that a clergyman in that city, recently preached a sermon from the text—"Oil shoes, and stocked upon their feet." This is probably a revival of the old story, told in the life of the notorious Stephen Burroughs —a man who ran a strange career of improvement and rascality in New England in the latter part of the last century. Escaping justice in Massachusetts—we are not sure that he did not break out of prison—he fled to Canada, and there, by sundry provision for the consolation of fugitives at that time, he remained in the Province up to the period of his death, which occurred some fifteen or twenty years ago. He was a man of fine faculties and every good education. One-fourth of the ingenuity, adroitness, industry and perseverance which he exhibited in going the laws, and evading detection, if directed to some honorable purpose, would have made him an eminent citizen in society, while it could not have failed to place him in affluent circumstances.

He was the most skillful caiser and counterfeiter of his day, though he would probably be considered a bungler in this more enlightened and progressive age. Early in his life, and before he had become known for his wonders against the law, or placed himself in an attitude of hostility to society, he opened the door of and drew a clergyman, and engaged to educate in that capacity in an obscure village in Massachusetts. He remained about a year, and gave such general satisfaction to the congregation for some that they made a liberal donation to the minister of his profession; and it finally got bruited about that he was not a clergyman at all, but a mere adventurer, who had been operating his character and pursuits. His accomplished labors were finally brought to an end by the calling of a sheriff of a neighboring county, who arrested the reverend gentleman and lodged him in jail.

We remember to have heard of a stepfather in the American Navy, who had a fancy of selecting texts of scripture—scraps of verses, and sentences of Scripture—scraps of verses, inscriptions or mottoes, of good import, for the outside of the letters of the English vessel in which he took voyage, say he possesses a wonderful flow of language, of good import, and, often expresses in a moment from a serious conversation of his own affairs to a beautiful rush of impromptu fancy. His badges are as large sees now to be seen in Boston, and, perhaps, both to the Unitarian, Dogberry." Massive, his daughter, and his wife, and his son-in-law, Dr. Gay, is one of the most remarkable women of the age. She, too, might accommodate herself to the circumstances of her husband's fortune. Nathan had nobly thought of talking an extra ship, and he would have had it. He is a discontented man. He is a disconsolate man. He is a disconsolate man. He is a disconsolate